

### HE GOT IT

"Please, mother, can I have a piece of cake?"

"No, Freddie."

"Just a teeny little piece?"

"No, Freddie. You cannot have any cake at all."

"Can I have a cookie then?"

"No."

"Aw, please! Just one little cookie."

"No, Freddy. You have just had your luncheon and you can't possibly be hungry so soon. Run away and play and don't bother me any more."

"Don't you like to have people appreciate your cooking, mother?"—*N. Y. World.*

### PRESERVING THE WRECKAGE

Bobby came home in bad shape one day with his face bruised and battered and two of his front teeth missing. Upon cross-examination he admitted that he had been involved in a physical difficulty with another boy, who had apparently held his own well.

"Now, Bobby," his mother said. "I told you not to fight, but you have been at it again and have lost two of your teeth."

"Aw, no, I didn't lose 'em," said Bobby cheerfully. "I've got 'em both in my pocket."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

### PREPARING THEM

A young man, an only son, married again his parents' wishes. Afterward, in telling a friend how to break the news to them, he said:

"Start off by telling them that I am dead and then gently work up to the climax."

### FAIR ENOUGH

"You are the fourth tramp who has come here begging today," said the lady of the house, "and I'm all out of patience."

"I'm all out o' vittles myself," replied the tramp. "Couldn't we make a trade?"—*N. Y. World.*

### AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!



### Tipping

The fellow who invented tipping isn't alive and if he were the odds are 10,000 to 1 he wouldn't be very long.

Tipping means sliding over an extra piece of mazuma for something you pay for to a fellow who serves you and gets a salary for the job.

As usual the public is the goat. Hotel, restaurant and barber shop owners are in favor of the public tipping their employes as they don't have to make out a pay roll.

Can't you picture yourself buying two pounds of sirloin steak, then slipping the butcher an extra ten-cent piece for no reason at all except as a tip?

The butcher would die of heart failure or if his constitution were strong enough to let him live he would say to himself: "That goof is flooie in the filbert."

We are very much in favor of tipping "tip takers"—over.

### GOT THE WRONG ONE

"May I see Lieut. Barker, please?" she asked at the hospital. She was very pretty.

"We don't allow any one but relatives to see the patients. Are you a member of his family?" asked the matron.

"Why, yes," she answered blushing. Then boldly, "Why, I am his sister."

"Oh, really," answered the matron. "I am so glad to meet you. I am the Lieutenant's mother."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*